THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XII | New York, Wednesday, August 13, 1930 | Number 15

EDITORIAL BOARD
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL
CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Prohibited Certainties 371
Week by Week 372
Across the Border 375
New England Celebrates...Charles Willis Thompson 376
Places and Persons.....L. A. G. Strong 378
Resurgent (*verse*).....Richard Linn Edsall 380
Motion Pictures Abroad.....Frederic Siedenburg 381
Gatherings of Harpers.....Padraic Colum 383
Distance (*verse*) .....Charlotte Wilder 384
Communications 384
The Screen.....Richard Dana Skinner 386
Books.....William Lyon Phelps, Robert von Keller, Julia K. Kernan, Michael Williams 387

Published weekly and copyrighted 1930, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

PROHIBITED CERTAINTIES

A PROMINENT minister told his audience last Sunday that modern folk "know how to do, but not how to suffer; how to secure, but not how to stand and wait." It was an excellent point. The extent to which the virtue of resignation has been discounted by even Christian people is, of course, largely due to the seeming triumphs of human skill over evils which formerly had to be endured. America in particular is so firmly committed to the belief that volition can win out over all limitations that a brand of religion which simply wills that no malady exists has come to be remarkably popular. We do not wish to discount either the act of determination or the humane advances of science. Nevertheless it is obvious that modern contemporary reliance upon both has something in common with the habits of the illustrious ostrich, given to believe that security follows immersion in sand. Of misfortune—especially the ultimate accident of death—there is a plenty, to be surmounted only by those spiritual forces which enable the society and the individual not simply to endure stoically but to transform pain into value and bliss.

Taking this truth as our point of departure, we may well wonder if the most essential criticism of American education does lie in the fact that while it fosters initiative and competing energy, it cultivates not at all the hinterland of resignation. We have, it is true, a growing volume of expression which sounds like acceptance. Poets and writers of fiction inform us, more or less beautifully, that it will be pleasant to have known that our bodies will add to the vivid dimensions of the zinnia, or that some boisterous robin will memorialize our laughter at dawn. But since even zinnias are affected by drought and robins by machine shops, the argument for joy is precarious. However all this may be, a recent critic of the educational system, Dr. George S. Counts, comes round to the matter in a different way. His book, The American Road to Culture (New York: John Day), announces as part of its thesis that "Americans regard education as the means by which inequalities among individuals are to be erased and by which every desirable end is to be achieved." Much evidence to support this opinion is unearthed by Dr. Counts; and though he tries to view it all with detachment, he is sometimes visibly disturbed and alarmed. In the end he soothes his nerves by taking refuge in the familiar pronouncement: "American education today, like American society at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

large, is in need of a conception of life suited to the new civilization."

With due respect to Dr. Counts, this declaration seems not a little curious. It is quite as if a married man should acquire a new house, outfitted with tinted bath tubs and other spectacular novelties, and then announce: "I'm looking for a wife suited to my present residence." We have the civilization, in several important respects distinct from its forerunners and equipped with devices and problems which humanity could not ignore if it so desired. But to advertise for a "conception of life" in keeping with the new environment is first to manifest unawareness of what the thing is, and then to inaugurate a search the favorable outcome of which cannot be predicted. Unawareness? The phrase can only mean "insight into reality"—not necessarily a fund of detailed information about this and that but a grasp of the fundamental principles of being sufficient to enable the individual and society to be and act in consonance with their welfare. If the vigor of this grip is impaired by "new environments," it will hardly last through the coming year by which time civilization will have altered its spots again. At any rate one could only watch the adventure with bated breath, wondering if the new mistress of civilization's household would preserve her temper and comeliness.

Of course it may be true that the "conception of life" by which America has sworn is really inadequate. We confess to being persuaded of this relative inadequacy. For Dr. Counts, however, the trouble appears to lie primarily in the fact that social enterprise and education have been "under the domination of a particular class—and a class which is peculiarly interested in maintaining the existing social order." To him therefore, it seems to seem that a "conception of life suited to the new civilization" is primarily dependent upon something very different from the "existing social order." Once again our trouble is diagnosed not as defective insight into reality, not as failure to grasp or live by truth, but as unwillingness to experiment. Nor is the emphasis placed entirely upon economic organization or shibboleths. "Although the system of beliefs evolved through the centuries by the Christian Church is apparently passing into dissolution," he says, "the American people still very generally believe in the existence of a supernatural order which underlies the order of nature and which possesses greater reality than the world of sense." The inference is clear. It is difficult for the historian to picture the Church "evolving" a system; it is not evident that the dissolution is any nearer than it was two thousand years ago; it is hard to visualize one set of facts having "greater reality" than another. But skipping all this, one comes to the point—which is that it is the business of education to advocate the establishment of a new social order, a new religion and several other things beside.

One wonders just how the wisdom and the adequacy of the coming dispensation are to be guaranteed. Of course there is no bond between Christian truth and the existing social practice, excepting in so far as Christianity is able to feel that the justice and charity it preaches are really being exemplified. Keep the two things separate and then see. Has there ever been a nation, a society or a civilization which has not been under the domination of a particular class? Have not all these dominations come to an end as soon as revolt against them was justified and expedient? But has any revolt ever produced a new religion or "conception of life" worth the paper it was written on? Has reality ever been affected in the slightest degree by human resentment of human tyranny? And has not that resentment perennially appealed to the verity of this justice which only a divine mandate could have written across the horizon of the race? In other words: is not the human ideal simply resignation, in the noblest sense, to the divine will? And if so, why not teach it?

WEEK BY WEEK

BROADSIDES fired during recent weeks at Communist activity in the United States culminated in a threat to break off commercial relations with Russia.

Trade with Russia

Mr. Matthew Woll, representing the American Federation of Labor, argued (or nearly so) that the ban placed by the new tariff law upon goods produced by convict, forced or indentured labor must apply to the entire output of Soviet industry. The Treasury Department then held up shipments of pulp wood which had already reached United States harbors, and started a heated discussion in which government officials, industrialists and civic groups have participated. In all likelihood, the fight will eventually centre round whether the Russians are "dumping" the two products of wood and manganese on the American market, thus underbidding domestic producers to the advantage of paper and steel manufacturers. Victory is as probable for one side as another. The larger question raised by Mr. Woll will have to be sidestepped as gingerly as possible. Although the present trade balance is not huge, it shows so marked an advantage to the United States that, under existing conditions, neither industry nor the administration would welcome an embargo and the consequent Soviet retaliations on our efforts.

MR. WOLL'S reasoning is to the effect that commerce with Russia helps to foster a social order which not only undermines the existing rights and privileges of labor in the United States but also oppresses the Russian worker. We agree to a certain extent, convinced as we are that Stalin's dictatorship is the most gigantic exploitation scheme on record. The fact is, however, that the Moscow state monopoly is doing business and that the moral right of the United States to get a part of that business depends entirely upon the nature of the transaction. Primarily it is a mat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter of exchanging manufactured products for Russian raw materials and money—intrinsically as legitimate as any other business transaction, and in this case so relatively advantageous to the United States that (apart from whether there ought to be a higher tariff on pulp wood and manganese) the benefit as a whole to labor here seems obvious. There remains the point that such business relationships may help to keep alive an iniquitous system. This we sincerely doubt. Boycott is a precarious weapon which could be effective only if it were enforced by all nations against Russia. That is utterly out of the question, for a variety of reasons. If the United States attempted to enforce it single-handed, the result could only be diversion of trade now coming here to Germany and Britain.

Pecksniff in Portland

THAT attractive surroundings are not always companioned with human amenities is evident from recent news relative to Portland, Oregon. A city zoning ordinance appears to have placed so many restrictions on church property as almost to prevent there being any Catholic institutions or places of worship. Years ago the same metropolis was affected by a School Law which the Supreme Court finally disposed of by appealing to a "tradition of liberty" conferring upon parents the right to educate their children under religious auspices. Today the urban fathers have decreed that schools and churches, like garages and stables, cannot be erected in the residential districts unless endorsed by a kind of neighborhood referendum. As we understand the matter, half of the citizens resident in the block where it is proposed to erect an ecclesiastical structure—church or school—must sign a preliminary petition for the building. This petition is then submitted to the council, which may take such action as it pleases. Meanwhile persons living within 200 feet of the "affected district" may protest against the plan, in which case again permission will be denied. All this is not purely theoretical. The bishop states that the development of two new parishes has been halted, with considerable resultant costs of time and property. It was found that personal prejudice caused some to refuse to sign the necessary petition, while more normal real estate concerns influenced others. The situation is so serious that an appeal to the courts is being planned. Since this involves the whole question of referendums, the outcome will be watched with the deepest interest.

Temperatures

THE July heat wave (unadvisedly reported defunct) may justly claim to have achieved notoriety. Though it did not break all records established in the past, it tampered with so many in such a variety of places as to make it the foremost topic of the nation's conversation. Each of the four directions seemed to be tapes toward which it rushed with the exuberance of a good college track man. Corn fields of the Middle-West languished as the two month's drought baked the loam to something like vitreous china. In the South Atlantic states cows, finding their pastures bald and brown, gave up the job of producing milk in despair and concentrated their attention upon keeping off the flies. Everywhere city and country reported sizable death lists signed by grim heat. It is nevertheless true that human suffering during the trial was far less than it would have been half a century ago. The arts of refrigeration have aided domestic safety by preserving food and exuding coolness; park and beach facilities have afforded millions a place of refuge. Cases of prostration are rushed to hospitals equipped to handle such cases in number. All this, however, has its darker side. We are so much more accustomed to being comfortable than our ancestors were that the business of scorning a hundred degrees or more in the shade has become amazingly difficult.

Careers

RECENT inquiries have revealed the fact that a staggeringly large proportion of men and women are engaged in occupations which are uncongenial or for which their aptitudes do not best suit them. Despite the increasing attention paid to the selection of vocations, there is still too much dependence on chance, whim or circumstance. This is often due to the attitude of parents and the ignorance of children. In the case of the former there has been a healthy tendency to allow children to decide their futures for themselves. The necessity for removing their ignorance remains. Obviously any method, devised to facilitate their understanding of the importance of their decisions and the nature of the work they propose to undertake, will benefit both them and the economic system as a whole. Such a method has been recently inaugurated by the Institute of Research in the Professions and Vocations, under the editorial directorship of Dr. John A. Lapp of Marquette University. A series of comprehensive monographs describing definite professions in all their aspects, it is appropriately called Careers. Subscribers to this service will find that here is an authentic guide to all lines of endeavor, written by research authorities and leaders in their respective fields. In the hands of children it will enable them to consider intelligently the important questions which a decision will entail and to prepare themselves at an early age for a chosen career.

Tripe

THE influential character of the New York Times Book Review justifies one's concern not merely with its usually distinguished reviews of historical, biographical and similar books but also with its sometimes incredibly bad criticism of poetry. This last tumbles to a new nadir of tepid worthlessness in a recent issue, where a notice of Mr. Lahey's life of Gerard Manley Hopkins sums up more literary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

incompetence than one can find in the poorer college magazines. We make no brief here for Hopkins's verse, feeling that everybody is quite free to like it or lump it as he sees fit. But to begin with, there is the reviewer's utter historical ignorance: "He created no vast stir in the poetic atmosphere of his times" is a statement which seems based on information, but reveals a writer wholly ignorant of the circumstances under which Hopkins's poetry was written and of his presentation to the public by Robert Bridges. "One must admit," we are told further, that "he was an originator who sought new poetic worlds to conquer." This is not merely a wholly ridiculous figure of speech but a misstatement. Hopkins sought anything else but "new poetic worlds to conquer," interested as he was in the rhythms of Greek and Old English. Our sage next informs us that he cannot accept the view "that Hopkins's later work—as revealed in the examples Mr. Lahey presents—shows any of the signs of greatness." This confession of failure to read the poetry under discussion, apart from excerpts not designed to reveal its flavor, is the trade-mark not merely of stupidity but of sloth as well. And when he concludes that this verse should have "been allowed to remain in oblivion" one is inclined for a moment to share this opinion—if only for the reason that such an interment would have prevented another arrant Bottom from going on parade.

Mr. Chesterton's Cane

MASS production can never point to Mr. Chesterton as one of its "yes-men." He doubted the gospel of efficiency so long before the critics and analysts who are popularizing the same attitude now, that, more than anyone else we can think of, he is entitled to recapitulate the dissenter's creed and to restate the doubts. This he does in the New York Times Magazine, with all his old capacity for freshening a familiar topic and making it startling and entertaining. He is not concerned, in this writing, to deny that mass production has its blessings, nor, on the other hand, does he deal with the first and most obvious criticism of it: that a machine for doing the work of 100 men may produce temporary economic disaster by throwing ninety-nine of them out of work. He purposely relegates all this to attack the contradiction at the heart of a machinery civilization —to attack, that is, the principle that begins by aspiring to mechanical perfection and seems likely to end, of necessity, by putting a high premium on mechanical imperfection.

BEING G. K. Chesterton, he begins with something concrete and grotesque—a cane he made for himself strong enough and long enough for his own individual purposes, with a goblin's head on the knob ugly enough for his own individual taste. He points out that, when a machine is brought in to turn out scores of canes in less time than it took to carve this one, it is only the first, and the least, disadvantage of the situation that none of them can answer any buyer's separate need and fancy as did the home-made article. The real fun begins with the purpose of the factory owner to pay for his expensive, perfected machinery by seeing to it "not only that I should buy that stick, but that I should buy another stick and yet another." The result, whether you call the process "a real economic law or merely the exaggeration and perversion of one," is that "sticks snap more and more rapidly, until we are likely to reach the universal destruction of walking sticks through the perfection of walking-stick machines." A further step in this "demoniac logic" involves the machine that makes these machines. This, too, as it "must be sold as often as possible, must be broken as often as possible." And so on to "salesmanship, which means inducing people to buy imperfect wheels as if they were perfect wheels; and mergers, which means making sure there shall be only one imperfect sort of wheel; and publicity, which means proclaiming this preposterous state of things through ten thousand trumpets of brass, as if it were an age of gold." This, of course, is not all there is to the matter, but it is a true bill so far as it goes; and though we may have heard it often before, there is calamitous testimony all around us that we have not heard it often enough.

"Your Health, Your Excellency!"

UNCLE SAM'S cellars in foreign parts are not to be replenished at Uncle Sam's expense; drinks must come out of ambassadorial purses, as heretofore, and not out of the newly granted ambassadorial entertainment allowances. So runs the official order, in part explicitly, in part by fair implication, and it is probably just as logical and not a bit funnier than many other commands and restrictions flowing from the fascinating anomaly of enforcement. More, it works no real hardship on our representatives, who are mostly men of means, as the New York Times points out, and who are in any event indurated to using their private funds for the beverages without which it is practically impossible to entertain in most civilized countries. The fancy toys idly with the question of why these gentlemen were not forbidden to drink altogether. Not as an effective measure—we do not pretend to know what an effective measure would be. But the ensuing situation, with some of their excellencies publicly refusing, and others publicly pretending, to obey, with snoopers and breath-sniffers making private reports back to Washington and the rest of the world turning on us a fixed ironic grin, would have been rich in many of the results that so much enforcement activity seems designed to produce. As it is, the procedure will be simple: our ambassadors can simply keep their money in two different pockets, and be sure not to mix up their accounts. This device would at least not be as hypocritical as the political practice of drinking wet and voting dry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACROSS THE BORDER

THE Canadians have voted and surprised everybody. Although signs and portents of a Conservative victory were seen plainly months before the election, it was a bold prophet who ventured to predict anything beyond a close fight. The returns indicate, however, not only that Mr. Bennett will have an easy majority of all seats in the coming parliament but also that political alignments of long standing have been abandoned. For instance, ever since the conscription excitement of the war years, the province of Quebec has voted Liberal; now more than one-third of its representatives are Conservative—a change quite as radical and more surprising than the recent southern bow to Herbert Hoover. The event presents an interesting opportunity for diagnosis and forecast. To spectators in the United States it even seems a momentous addendum to political and economic difficulties.

Declining prosperity was the chief issue with which the campaign oratory was concerned. Complaints were general enough to enable Communists to muster eight candidates and appeal for support, and Mr. Bennett proudly announced (with more success than attended a similar promise by Lloyd George in England) that he would see that Parliament devoted the major part of its attention during a coming session to unemployment. Meanwhile the Liberals had done what they could to placate disgruntled industrialists and workers by offering the Dunning budget, which was primarily a retaliatory tariff upon imports from the United States with preference features calculated to benefit empire trade. One may be reasonably sure that the Dunning plan will be abandoned by the Conservatives, who must devise something else if they hope to impress the public. Mr. Bennett has already firmly declared: "Any policy would be disastrous that sends abroad raw materials which can be economically utilized in our own industries, and which sends abroad good Canadian money to pay for articles that can be economically and usefully produced by the labor of our own people." This sounds like a more nationalistic tariff than Mr. Dunning produced, with the possible elimination of favors for the mother country.

It is not clear that even these several tablespoonsful of protection will solve current economic problems. Nevertheless the remedy inevitably suggested itself, the more naturally because Canada has always been much more deeply impressed by the theory and example of the United States than by the free-trade doctrine and industrial methods of Great Britain. Politically speaking, the border is an impasse. Anything remotely suggesting "annexation" is stoutly opposed from one end of the dominion to the other; and this fear, either real or cooked up, is largely responsible for past failures to develop a saner view of possible relationships than now exists. On the other hand, Canada has always felt that its destiny lay very considerably in reproducing the contours of the social order exemplified south of Niagara, barring of course the Volsteadian solution of the liquor problem.

The practicability of this hope may be challenged. One is justified in doubting that the dominion can become a country in which the economic emphasis is laid upon manufactured products rather than raw materials. Climate, which interferes with distribution of the population, appears to preclude the establishment of a complex productive network capable of rivaling the industrial districts of Europe and more particularly of the United States. However all this may be, the issue is one which Canadians themselves must decide. It is for us to examine anew the reasoning which led to erecting steeper barriers than ever between Canadian trade and our own enterprise. People are declaring already that there will be no great change—that the balance will remain pretty nearly what it has been, and that Canada will recoup on the vastly expanded tourist business created by thirst. This opinion must be earnestly doubted, and business figures for the next years will be watched with unusual care. It is not a mere detail that the Canadian border is now a customs wall higher than anything built up in postwar Europe and scoffed at by economists universally.

How steadily our relationships with Canada have changed for the worse is a matter worth thinking about. Years ago we were at least talking about reciprocity; today we proceed to cut throats mutually without even a relatively sizable qualm. The culture of Canada, notable for sound academic training and genuine breadth of thought, fails to sink into our consciousness, still flattered when it comes upon a little French village the natives of which may be suspected of wearing homespun. When a distinguished Canadian scholar joins the faculty of an enterprising university here, the government promptly goes to work tripping him up with a query as to his martial instincts. Catholics in the two countries may be accused of drifting apart rather than of coming together. It is true that many Canadians read our publications and listen to our radio programs. But half of Catholic Canada is so dead set against the English language, and half of the Catholic United States is so intractably opposed to everything that smacks of Britain, that contacts which bear fruit are limited to sporadic encounters between intellectual representatives of the two countries. Beyond all this, the drinking done in Canada by citizens arriving in dusty automobiles has helped matters very little indeed. Tourist parties seldom get beyond a noisy invasion of taverns; and they are usually so much more interested in the quantity of their beverage than in its quality that even conservation with the innkeeper is impossible. Who knows? If both countries build tariff walls sufficiently high, both may discover the immensity of their folly. That at least would be some common bond. The ultimate effect upon the foreign trade of the United States is feared by economists and business men.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW ENGLAND CELEBRATES

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

Three hundred years ago the Puritans set up a commonwealth in the new world, and New England has worked hard to observe the occasion appropriately. As Mr. Thompson says in the following paper, the celebration differs in several interesting respects from the usual patriotic centenary. One of the most striking of these is "the absence of all sectarian prejudice and even of sectarian feeling." Happy in the thought of a great past, New England now seeks to weld states, which have marked characteristics of their own, into a unit adapted to the tasks of the future.—The Editors.

THE tercentenary of the founding of New England, the celebration of which began on June 1 and will continue through October, is different from any historical celebration heretofore recorded in America—different in numerous ways, in fact altogether. In the first place, it is the celebration of the landing of the Puritans, but it is not sectarian or even religious; it is rather political and social. In the second place, there is about it no element of the customary "exposition" or "world's fair" flair; the intention is to introduce the country to a section. In the third, the ambitious aim of it is to have the whole population take part, instead of having it governed and mainly made by a set of committees; and while it still remains uncertain whether this can be an entire success, it has been successful up to the time of this writing. In the fourth, it is the first wholesale attempt to combine the differing sections of New England into one and present those sharply varying communities as a whole, having characteristics of its own. The purpose of this article will be to consider these peculiarities and how far they have been successful, although, as the "finis" will not be written until late in the fall, any such attempt is tentative.

Boston, of course, is the official centre of the celebration, though the Puritans did not land at Boston but at Salem. The headquarters of the various commissions which, although they do not exactly give direction, at least supply the main ideas, are in that city. Yet, curiously enough, the chief enthusiasm for the celebration is outside Boston, and it is in other places that the real bang and swing and go have been imparted. To explain this, it is necessary to correct the widespread misconception that Boston is New England. In fact it is only the largest and most important city in that section, and in other Yankee states it is nearly as foreign as Charleston or Philadelphia. This is a generalization, of course; but what outsiders do not understand is that each New England state has its own characteristics, and each has a strongly marked character of its own, which is not that of Boston or even of Massachusetts. Arkansas and Virginia are both in the South, but not in the least alike; and something similar may be said of Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut and above all Rhode Island. It was, for instance, a reproach to Calvin Coolidge, when he began his political career, that no born Vermonter like him could get the Massachusetts habit of thought or be representative of it.

The New England Council has been struggling to abolish these differences and to make the rest of the country look on New England as a whole. The present celebration is a physical demonstration of that attempt, though the New England Council is not directing it. The idea back of it is, although it would not be admitted by any New Englander, that each of these states is small and has become of less importance as the nation has become swollen, and that New England will exercise more influence if its internal divisions of character can be subordinated and the section presented to the Union as a unit—not exactly as one state, but as something like that. What operates to defeat the success of that idea is that in the other New England states there is an impression which will not down—that if New England is to be regarded as one, Boston will be the one; and outside Massachusetts, and even in parts of Massachusetts, Boston is not wholly loved.

New England has become more and more the Mecca of the tourist, and even of the millionaire settler; its great natural beauties have become more and more known, and it is no longer regarded as merely a place where the country gets pretty as you come near the Canada border. How many visitors pass through New England every year cannot be statistically stated, though the usual vague generalization never stops short of "a million." A great many of them come with a curious prejudice, or at least an instinctive agnosticism, about the country; this is due to an unreasoning kind of literature which has become fashionable lately in the widely read magazines and even in books, in which New England is pictured as a degenerate ruin, notable chiefly for abandoned farms. The truth is that the whole section was never so wide awake, so busy, so fruitful, even in what such writers would call its palmiest days.

The tercentenary, therefore, aims to let the visitor see New England for himself rather than to advertise it, in the confidence that seeing is believing. For this reason all attempts to tout the country on its commercial and manufacturing merits are frowned upon and hurriedly hushed. A perfectly sincere attempt is being made to put all New England on view exactly as it is, without puffery. In every town and village, at least in Massachusetts, the whole population has been put on notice to greet the visitor without self-advertisement but to give him all the chance in the world to look around. There are pageants, to gratify the gen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eral human love of display, and things have been so arranged that any visitor to New England will find something going on, if not at the place he happens to "light on," then at some easily reachable place nearby. But that is about the extent of the concession to human nature. The central idea is that New England has been misunderstood or misrepresented, or both, and that this year the right way to meet that situation is to welcome the visitor and then let him do his own observing. It is unique among celebrations.

There is, of course, a central idea. It is that 1930 is the 300th anniversary of the foundation of American institutions. The Puritans who came over in 1630 brought with them and planted here the germ of every state constitution and of the federal constitution, and hence of the whole political theory of the United States. In these constitutions the idea is not merely the evolution from a germ, but is in language and in fact pretty closely adherent to the origins of Salem and Boston. The United States of today takes the slant it does because of the landing of the Arbella at Salem in 1630.

Not, of course, that the original settlers were devotees of either liberty or tolerance. Their purpose was to escape from a tyranny in their own land and fashion the new settlement according to their ideas and for their best interests. At the same time, they were neither so undemocratic or so intolerant as a late fashion depicts them. There is very little about them written by outsiders and we get our ideas of them mostly from what every Tom, Dick and Harry among them wrote about themselves, but among the extremely few things left on record by visitors is one by Father Gabriel Druillette, a Jesuit missionary. The supposedly hard-boiled Puritans made him at home, and took pains not only to furnish him with a fish dinner on Fridays but to leave him privacy for his own devotions; and John Eliot, the Puritan "Apostle to the Indians," urged Druillette to spend the winter with him.

However that may be, the fact on which the New England tercentenary rests is that beyond a doubt the Puritans founded the institutions on which the United States today, in spite of its late divagations, rests; and it is as a political and not a sectarian event that their landing is celebrated. For instance, the celebration was opened on Boston Common on Sunday, June 1; and the addresses were made by a Catholic, Senator David I. Walsh, a Jew, Justice Irving Lehman of New York, and Miss Ada Louise Comstock, president of Radcliffe College. The Scripture readings, the prayer and benediction, and the invocation were by a Jewish rabbi and by Protestant ministers of differing sects; and the hymns were such as might be sung by any Christian or Jew.

This foundation of American institutions was by the Puritans, not by the Pilgrims. The Pilgrims came here from a religious motive in 1620, the Puritans came in 1630 with the deliberate purpose of founding a commonwealth. That last was not in the Pilgrim mind; they had no political purpose at all; they were purely religious refugees. The Puritans, however, had definite political intentions; and it was not more than a few years after they had founded their state that they were unconsciously laying the foundations of the American Revolution by asserting their independence of the laws of England. It was as early as 1643 that Massachusetts announced, "Our allegiance binds us not to the laws of England any longer than while we live in England." That was the principle which reached fruition in 1775 at Concord and Bunker Hill.

Now, how far have the celebrants been successful in these purposes of theirs? It is rather early to say. At the time of this writing, it seems as if all New England looked on the tercentenary with a friendly eye, but as if the vim and vigor were supplied chiefly in Massachusetts. A confounding thing about that last is that though Boston takes the lead, the vim and vigor have come more largely from other towns. Salem, where the Arbella landed with her Puritan cargo, started things off with a whoop, whereas Boston was quite decorous and in the towns near Boston and surrounding it there was always more spontaneous enthusiasm than in the capital itself. It was also noticeable that it was hard to raise money for the celebration in Boston after the beginning, and that something of a "drive" had to be inaugurated, whereas in the smaller cities and towns people seemed ready and anxious to give.

Nevertheless, the celebration is sure to be a success; there is only good will for it even in the other New England States where the feeling is somewhat languorous and not incited by ancestral memories. Vermont, for instance, is historically closer to New York than to Massachusetts, and Rhode Island was settled by such exiles as Roger Williams, who did not merely leave Massachusetts but were driven out. Yet there is a New England character, which is as pronounced in such states as it is in Massachusetts, and wholly different from the character in other parts of the Union.

Despite the fact that this is a Puritan celebration, there is a gratifying absence of all sectarian prejudice and even of sectarian feeling, and credit for this belongs to all creeds. In the cities, at any rate, one creed gets along very well with the others, and whatever bigotry there is seems to be an importation brought by Protestant immigrants, chiefly from the British Isles and the Canadian provinces. Religion, in fact, does not figure at all in the celebration, except the essential element of all religion, the reverence for God and thankfulness. At the same time, it is possible to conclude that if there is more native enthusiasm in other places than in Boston, it is because the ancestral feeling is stronger in those places; that Boston is now a Catholic city in which the Irish are the predominant strain, and that however great may be its good will toward the historic environment in which it lives, it is bound to lack something of that ingrained feeling of love for those who are not really its forefathers which can be found in the places to which the descendants of the early settlers have moved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Places and Persons

THE NEW CONFESSIONAL

By L. A. G. STRONG

SOME time ago I undertook to edit, for a period of five years, an annual anthology of magazine verse. To do this I was obliged to read all periodicals, American and British, in which verse appeared: and all the experience of preparing the first issue made me consider, for the first time, the possibilities of verse as material for the historian.

The writing of verse is as nearly disinterested as any modern activity can be. There is no money in it. Poets will even pay for a hearing. Furthermore, a man never gives himself away so completely as when he sits him down to write a poem. Freed from the logical restraints of prose, he writes emotionally, in undress. His conflicts and secret ambitions rise to the surface. Ordinary prose is the vehicle for all our practical transactions—law, medicine, advertising, the filling out of our taxation forms, the technical jargon of our daily lives. We acquire a sense of responsibility toward it, and this makes it a less sympathetic vehicle for the thoughts of our inward selves. There should be, therefore, a case for verse, even before experience had put us on the track. An almost incredible amount of verse is written, and it is largely the work of the younger generation, that fascinating source of copy, the mainstay of journalists and reformers. We know something about their surface lives. Will the confessional of verse reveal anything deeper?

Let us take the five consecutive issues of my anthology and, even more important, the material from which their contents were selected. For an inquiry of this kind we are concerned less with the aesthetic quality of the verse than with its value as a reflection of life. As each issue of the anthology contained about a hundred poems, and for every poem included rather more than seventy were passed over, there will be plenty of matter for our investigation.

Some classification we must have, and perhaps the best will be the scholastic method, Alpha plus, Alpha, Alpha minus, and so forth. The Alpha class of poets is naturally small. For the moment we can exclude it from consideration; we shall save time by first finding the most representative class. Once we have found that category which is typical of the mass, in the sense that it gives backbone to it, we shall have time to adjust other values afterwards. To this class examiners would undoubtedly give the label Beta plus. It is not the largest numerically, but it constitutes the health of the body poetic. The poets in this class are influenced by their betters and copied by those beneath them, and so, while scoring the biggest weight of decent achievement, they furnish a clue to all other categories, above or below. The Beta plus poets are sensitive, cultured, and intelligent: they care very much for poetry, are sincere, ambitious to write, and possess a considerable degree of skill. They differ from the Alpha class not so much in kind as in degree. They are a fine, respectable, healthy class, growing annually in number, advancing steadily in level of accomplishment, yet definitely second-rate.

Does this mean that they are second-rate human beings, with second-rate ambitions? If not, how comes it that their work expresses them so ill? The real trouble is that they cannot attain intellectual solitude. The most resolute of first-class gifts are needed nowadays to preserve a spirit uninfluenced by all that is written and said around it: and the Beta plus poet is here made the victim of his own good qualities. His very quickness and his sensitive apprehension make him over-susceptible to the work of others. Even supposing that he has started to write spontaneously without reference to any other talent, his curiosity and his reading soon make him self-conscious. These poets never become deliberate imitators, nor adulterate their gifts, but their powers of appreciation are over-stimulated, and lead them to catch any note the leaders utter, and give it a personal echo. What each writes will be his own honest thought, but he did not find his own subject.

The representative average poet, to sum up, is an honest and eager explorer of things spiritual and temporal, who has not been able to resist exposure to the discoveries of others. The classes below are still valuable for our purposes, but less and less so. They descend in proportion as their work is vitiated by mimicry, insincerity, and sheer inexperience in the use of words. The Beta class, then, is our standby. Let us go ahead and find out what they say.

The first discovery, when we look at the verse of these five years, is that every year a ruling interest, or idea, finds independent expression through a number of poets, both in America and Britain. This idea is not a reaction to some great material happening, such as a war or an earthquake, but is abstract, a concentration of the poetic intelligence upon one of the main interests of life.

In the first year, for example, the dominant note was a perception of nature's indifference to human purposes. It was inspired by no particular aspect of materialism, but by the more merciless qualities of life itself. The rocks, the sea, the woods, that are cruel or indifferent to man: the prairie that defeats his effort, the flood that swamps his home; scores of harmonies on that one recurrent note. Next year the poets had become philosophers, and were engaged upon the interpretation of life. There were numerous philosophical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and religious poems of quality. The next issue developed this into the personal relationship of one human being to another. The question, "Why do you and I love one another best?" became "How can you and I love one another best?"—if so crude an illustration will serve. It was a year of "you and I" poems. The next year was one of biography pure and simple. We had an ambitious number of character sketches, which served to expose a deal of bad writing. It is amazing how few writers handle these even decently well; how many make their subjects picturesque, or "quaint"; how much unconscious patronage there is, and how many see a strange character not as himself or in relation to his own background, but merely in terms of difference from their own way of life. Ordinary egoism, then, spoils the majority of these biographical poems: and one may well ask why on earth so many poets light like this upon a type of subject for which they are not fitted. If they are not sheep, then how is it that they flock to the same themes?

We shall get help in answering this if we look back for a moment to the year of religious and philosophical poems. During this year there appeared a number of poems having for subject the impregnation of humanity by the divine. The first note was struck by the greatest of living poets, in a poem entitled Leda. Many others expressed the idea in a pagan setting, many in a Christian. By others it was handled less explicitly, under the form of divine inspiration. One might suppose from this that the lead given by an Alpha class poet was eagerly caught up and developed by his followers, and that the case for conscious imitation was thereby proved. An examination of the dates at which the various poems appeared shows this to be impossible. The Leda poem did in fact precede the rest, but by a matter of days only, and it appeared in a Dublin periodical which had a small sale, and could not possibly have reached America in time to get up such widespread reverberations. In every case investigated, most of the similar poems appear almost simultaneously, and in both countries. It would seem that ideas are infectious, and break through the world's consciousness in several places at once, like the eruptions that announce a disturbance under the earth. The same coincidence often happens with mechanical inventions. When a discovery is announced, other men are found to have been busy upon similar researches elsewhere, and the successful inventor has distanced them by days only.

Can we take that year's verse as a sign of the spiritual revival so long prophesied? Henry Adams put the widest rim of his objective phase soon after 1920, after which man's consciousness was to turn inward to his spiritual resources, instead of outward to a civilization of apparatus. Does this dim, fragmentary remembering that we are vessels of the spirit, denote a first stirring of the new phase? We cannot assert as much: but many men of science are now saying that the poets are their surest allies, and the vehicle of the seer's utterance, the ancient speech of religion and of magic, seems historically the fittest to express the birthpangs of a newer order.

The poetic differences between the sexes are many. In the highest class, women are rare. Several score an Alpha minus; in the Beta pluses they total more than half, and below that grow speedily to the proportion of four to one. No infallibility is claimed for these figures, but they are reached after five years' study. Nor do they express any sex prejudice, for as a rule the reasons which restrict women poets to the lower categories are more creditable to them as individuals than those which restrict the men; and it is character with which we are now concerned.

The Alpha women poets are almost all intellectual in their verse. Apart from one or two lyric poets, they are sceptics, piercing the stuff of experience very deeply. Women poets of the Beta plus class, on the other hand, represent the topmost rung of mere sensibility and womanly feeling, qualities which are the impulse of 90 percent of the women whose work appears in magazines. By "mere sensibility" is meant a sensitive response to life from a woman's angle; sympathy rather than analysis. The Alpha poets have this sympathy, of course, but they add to it a degree of personal interpretation. They are less content with their emotions.

The Beta class of women poets, recording their impressions of life as it affects the intelligent woman or girl of today, are the most helpful of all to our inquiry, for they write upon a far more concentrated range of subjects than the men, and from a more definite standpoint. They are, as a class, more serious than the men, and more sincere. When a woman poet writes ill, it is generally because she never questions the validity of her feelings. Genuinely moved, she longs to record her emotion, and records it in whatever words come readiest to her mind. Women write the worst poetry that our period can show, but that is because the particular women who write it have been badly educated. The difference between male and female bad verse is the difference hitherto prevailing between male and female education. As a result there appear morasses of trite, pretty-pretty stuff few men would write, simply because there exist few men unsophisticated enough to feel sincere emotion upon such themes and to express it in such artless language. The least successful of the women poets are in intention as sincere as the best, because there are some subjects which every woman must take seriously. And all, from Beta plus downward, write about the same subjects.

They write first of all of love in all its aspects, and bring to its consideration a high seriousness and a deal of sense. There is no echo in women's verse of flapperdom or petting parties. Nor is there any direct expression of their new economic independence; though it is likely that the stronger and more active note in all women's verse, and particularly in the love poems, is its natural outcome. Even during the five years we are considering, women's love poetry has taken a larger share of initiative: not that the poet asserts herself

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aggressively, but that she regards love less and less as a thing which may or may not happen to her at masculine discretion.

Plenty of men look upon marriage as a joyful and desirable event, but the only poems treating of marriage as a state come from women. Parenthood, whether from the mother's or father's point of view, is also entirely a feminine preoccupation. Social events, treated indirectly in poems about their victims, interest more women than men. Arraignments of civilization are evenly divided between the two: with the interesting difference that men are more allusive, referring constantly to golden ages or heroes of the past, whereas women think in terms of practical, present-day disease and remedy. In fact, this concern with the things they really need care about, as distinct from the things that leisured gifts find time to think about, is the real contribution of the women poets. I do not mean that sincerity is their monopoly; but the men, by the very fact of their wider range, and the byways they explore, have shown that their choice of subject is arbitrary and mental rather than a condition of their lives. These are broad generalities, riddled with exceptions: yet with the average poets they hold good. The woman writes rather out of her emotional and physical life, the man out of his journeys: she from what she is, and he from what he does.

The lower categories need not keep us long. They want to say much the same things as the others, but are less successful. Their faults have some interest, as showing certain qualities and defects of mind, but on the whole they reveal no more than the daily chatter one hears in train or subway. In form they fall under two main headings: a sort of sloppy free verse, written without any realization of the difficulties free verse entails; and the sonnet. There are plenty of other forms, but these are the favorites. The themes are equally stereotyped.

As regards national differences, the American poet is far more enterprising than the British; but he has less polish and technical skill. This is chiefly due to the difficulty of contributing verse to British magazines. There are so very few of them that competition is keen, and the standard of surface accomplishment therefore higher. Indeed, in England there are a bare dozen outlets for the poet who aspires above the jingle of the popular magazines. Unless his talent is definitely insular, he sells most of his verse to American editors. Irish literary papers are even fewer. The standard is accordingly very high, and their representation in the five anthologies out of all proportion to their numbers.

The Irish poet is a fine craftsman, imposing upon passionate devotion to the past, or to the actual soil and granite of his country, a cold wrought-iron discipline in verse. This would be a good augury for Ireland if poets were in the majority or held the reins. Otherwise he is a violent satirist; sometimes both. His verse shows nothing of the traditional fecklessness and pathos of his race, but often a cold fury, the scorn of an ambitious and dissatisfied intellect. Of practical politics he speaks no word at all.

In England minor poetry—Beta plus poetry—seems to have got into a backwater, and we can make little of it. It is too much of a parlor game, played with subtle but infinitesimal variations, to tell us about contemporary England. There is a deal of "nature" poetry, the result of a cult perhaps, but a cult to which England is more prone than other countries. The Alpha poets speculate, take their craft to task, and tend to use larger forms than have been the fashion. The war has left a dissatisfaction and restlessness which cannot escape the most casual reader; but the verse in itself is not a sufficient guide to the troubles of which it is a symptom. The Georgian cult of escape is discredited, but no definite movement has taken its place.

It may seem, then, so slender are our results, that the novel must give a better picture of our times than poetry. I wonder. The novel is deliberate, an exposition of everyday life as it is or as the writer would like it to be. Thought outruns practice; and thought finds ready utterance nowadays. But the novel must treat of life plausibly; it must give chapter and verse; it must convince. Therefore the novel is often a misleading guide to the life of its time, since its first business is to appear lifelike. From the poet we demand no such how and when and wherefore. When he says

"I have slain an eagle and kissed a queen"

we accept his claim at once. We do not ask at what altitude or with what weapon he encountered the one, nor how he overcame the divinity which hedges the other: we understand he has done all that man could ask, and we murmur our approval. The poet has only to convince us in the life of values, whereas from the novelist we demand facts and prices. Therefore verse, freed from the necessity to be literally plausible, can give us a better guide to the inward life of its period than can the novel; and this short survey, if it is no more than a suggestion for future research, will not have been altogether beside the mark.

Resurgent

I had almost grown grey before my time
With solemnness and dark-browed meditation;
A sleigh-bell was a monastery chime,
A peal of laughter was a profanation.
Now that I know your love, I have thrown away
Old age's ragged garments, in the breeze;
I kick bare heels up, through the shouting day,
Far from the shade of immemorial trees.

For we are young, and youth is rich with laughter:
Above the fading of the crimson flowers,
Above the shroud of snow that follows after,
We ring forever through the deathless hours
Till we reach God, and look Him in the face,
Laughing all three at man and time and space.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOTION PICTURES ABROAD

By FREDERIC SIEDENBURG

THE motion picture is today such a factor of our intellectual and emotional life that it challenges in importance the home, the school and the church. Weekly it affects almost one hundred million Americans, old and young, for better or worse, for if the movie is not an asset it is a liability, since with it there is no middle ground. This potent force of the motion picture is no respecter of persons, in fact its influence on the lives of the ignorant and poor is apt to be greater than on those of the learned and rich. Since this force is psychic it stirs the fundamental emotions of humans in all parts of the world. Today the motion picture is as international as the light and electricity which are its chief physical elements, and it sends forth its propaganda and its influence everywhere, from metropolitan movie palaces to the shanty halls of a mining camp. Wherever there are souls with minds and hearts, there the movie inspires love or hate, virtue or vice. Whoever and whatever wields this great spiritual power has a corresponding responsibility, and consequently if American films which today dominate the motion picture field of the world are not a power for good, they are one for evil. America must take the responsibility as well as the profits.

It can be taken for granted that present day motion pictures misrepresent to a great degree American life, and this is its paramount menace to our civilization. It may be said that the nature of the drama demands emphasis on the extremes of crime and vice far beyond the normal, but this does not justify vice that is attractive or virtue that is repugnant. Moreover, no one will deny that the background and setting of the average film is altogether out of proportion because of its emphasis on wealth, luxury and laziness. The great menace of the film is that it gives, especially to youth, false standards of life and living, for in the movies people rarely work unless they live in tenements, virtue is generally difficult if not depressing and vice is pleasant while it lasts; working girls are always the intended victim of an employer's greed or designs.

Today Europe and the rest of the world is getting this distorted view of America, judging us more by stories of our fast set, the "wild West" and sex than by any other thing, while we for the most part learn of Europe by her best literature of fact and fiction. The result must inevitably be a tide of ill-will toward America, and a desire of Americans to see Europe. Recent observers from abroad tell us that there is much hostility against the United States and most of the reasons are obvious—unpaid war debts, our protective tariff wall, our immigration restrictions, deportation of undesirables, not to mention the reactions to certain types of American tourists—all these factors when seen in the light of our million-dollar films with their extravagant grandeur become intensified and find expression in foreign cartoons which make our Uncle Sam, a Shylock, and our nation, nouveau riche.

The extent to which American films have girdled the globe may be seen in the 1928 Film Book in which the percentage of American pictures in foreign lands varies from 50 percent in Czechoslovakia to 95 percent and more in Spain and Brazil, averaging about 85 percent. Through the ubiquitous screen America is today the best advertised nation in the world; for proof one needs but visualize our most elaborate pictures being unreeled in some obscure spot in darkest Russia or hottest India; advertised, alas, not to our credit.

It has been remarked that whereas American films are more elaborate and technically more perfect, the European films are superior in theme and theatre form. Ours is an appeal to the senses—theirs an appeal to the intellect, and the sense appeal seems the popular one. The particular menace from the international viewpoint of American films in foreign lands is that we exploit them with our most indecent and demoralizing films—those wholly or in part rejected by state censorship boards.

Perhaps there is some economic jealousy on the part of European producers but the real offense of our motion pictures to discriminating foreign critics is their gilded vulgarity and sensualism. To quote a few outstanding authorities: Sir Philip Gibbs holds that our motion pictures are partly responsible for much of England's economic crisis for of them he says:

> It is the picture palaces where American-made films exhibit the indecent luxury of the idle rich and create desires and envies among the working classes and make them hate others. It is not slackness of world trade but slackness of moral fibre.

Mr. S. K. Ratcliff, in the Yale Review (1929), calls attention to the fact that in an English newspaper essay-contest on America and Americans, all the essays were unfavorable to us and our country, and he gives as the cause the American movies. For, says he:

> No one can estimate, no one can even guess at the social effect of American films upon the peoples of Europe and Asia; but at least we can see that the effect must be enormous.

Then he adds that the English masses daily see

> the crude imbecilities of wild West drama; the rawness of industrial production and business adventure, of cocktail parties, night clubs, the duel of sex and the degradation of marriage; of bootleggers and hijackers, the highpowered car in robbery, revenge, double-crossings, and juvenile debauchery—mean and abominable people incessantly doing mean and abominable or farcical things, with a lawless and lunatic waste of money, and against a background

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of luxury and indulgence such as the peoples of the old world have known about, from this American revelation alone.

In New Zealand Sir James Paar, the High Commissioner, declared that American films which overrun Australia were uniformly "cheap, trashy, and harmful." Sir Albion Banergi speaking for India says the impressions of America derived from our films is that it is a "land of bandits, bootleggers and social highflyers."

Perhaps the most damaging testimony is that of Sir Ramsay MacDonald who in the House of Commons in March, 1927, deplored the effect of motion pictures on the oriental races which by representing the whites as a lewd people, scandalized the natives, a condition which he said should bring the blush of shame to the most abandoned of men. A writer in the Manchester Guardian says that the cinema more than anything else carries the West to the East, to the corruption of the Orient and to the disgrace of the Occident. He says: "The solution of the problem lies in America for America still holds a monopoly of the motion picture industry."

Recently an official of the Irish Free State characterized American films as "chiefly gilded trash," while French journals have protested again and again against American pictures which portray all French men as without morals and all French women as men's playthings. The Spanish government officially placed a ban on Metro-Goldwyn pictures until Mr. Hammond used his ambassadorial influence to have it lifted. In South America we have the same protests and even during the good-will tour of Mr. Hoover he was reminded that our pictures portray principally cabaret and wild West life, marriage infidelity and crime-linked politics. Mr. Hughes, when Secretary of State, begged the American movie magnates to cease giving false impressions of American life to the outside world, and Mr. Hoover did substantially the same thing before the Association of Motion Picture Advertisers.

It seems, however, that the motion picture industry far from being officially hindered is being subsidized by our government through the creation of a Motion Picture Section in the Bureau of Foreign Commerce, which though powerless to censor or control objectionable pictures uses government money and influence to spread their miasma to the four corners of the world. Fred Eastman in a recent series of articles in the Christian Century, from which some of the above quotations have been taken, calls these films "ambassadors of ill will, promoted by a government bureau" and asks, "Why not a bureau to spread smallpox?"

Europe, however, is taking the matter into her own hands. In some countries American-made pictures have been entirely banned; in others, they are censored and young persons from sixteen to nineteen are permitted to see only educational films. Even Turkey has before its parliament a law prohibiting children under fifteen years from attending cinemas and it is understood that the statute is aimed at American films. Shall we say that the "infidel" is protecting himself from the moral ravages of the "Christian"?

The League of Nations has recognized the motion picture menace from an international point of view and under its aegis in August, 1928, the International Educational Cinematographic Institute has been organized, "To promote the production, the diffusion and exchange among various countries, of educational films relating to instruction, art, industry, agriculture, commerce, hygiene, and social education, etc., by employing all the means that its governing body may consider." Here we have a positive program to substitute the sex stimulated scenarios of America by films turning entertainment into instruction and promoting among the masses international solidarity of understanding and good will. By the potent power of the cinema, the frontiers of nationality are to be neutralized and racial prejudices overcome.

The invention of the talking picture has revolutionized the industry and it may change the international aspect of the American film—for here we have considered only the silent era of the cinema. Already the American producers are making silent versions of dialogue pictures for foreign markets but it is obvious, that profiting by American experiments, the foreign producers will be at an advantage with films of their own language, even if they are technically less appealing. Moreover, many foreign governments have not only stimulated home production of pictures but have legislated percentage quotas against American films. Thus in Great Britain, 7½ percent of film footage shown must be of British make and this percentage is progressively to be increased until it reaches 20 percent in 1936. Other foreign countries have similar legislation, indicating that they expect to give American pictures more competition in talkies than they did with the silent screen.

William Marston Seabury in a recent book, The Cinema and the League of Nations, calls attention to the fact that the modern motion picture presents a world problem that not only affects public welfare from the moral, artistic and cultural point of view, but involves economic and commercial considerations. He insists on a thoroughgoing solution, by which some authorized international committee will regulate the production of pictures at their source and supervise their world-wide distribution in a manner equitable to all nations and with a view to international peace.

It is no wonder that foreign nations resent our pictures with their weakness for portraying foreigners as villains and courtesans, and as for Mexicans, Turks, Negroes and orientals, they are invariably cast in odious characters. Recently a test was made with Chicago high school students in regard to attitudes toward nationalities derived from motion pictures. The test was made of one pro-Jewish and four pro-German films, in which the reaction after viewing the films was compared with previous attitudes, and the change to a favorable attitude was most pronounced. No doubt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the research studies now being conducted by the National Commission for the Study of Social Values in Motion Pictures, under the direction of William H. Short of New York City, will throw new light on the psychic and social force of films, good and bad.

The international menace of American films must ultimately be met and overcome at home and it is heartening to know that two bills have been introduced in Washington. The first, introduced by Senator Brookhart (S. 1003), May 7, 1929, is aimed at the motion picture monoply and will make illegal blockbooking and blindbooking as well as the control of local theatres by producers and distributors. The second bill (H. R. 9986) was introduced February 17, 1930, by Representative Grant Hudson of Michigan and is more comprehensive. It declares the motion picture industry a public utility, subject to public control, and it provides for the creation of a federal commission which will supervise all pictures at the source of production so that they will conform to fundamental ethical standards. This control will include supervision of posters and advertising, and other objectionable features of present-day films. May we at last hope for wholesome pictures at home with consequent international amity abroad!

GATHERING OF HARPERS

By PADRAIC COLUM

ON A certain day towards the end of the eighteenth century there were two gatherings in Belfast. One was to rejoice over the fall of the Bastile and to congratulate the French people on the Declaration of the Rights of Man. There were bands and speeches at this gathering. Those in the other gathering waited for the bands and speeches to reach their close. They waited to tune their harps.

For, by one of those coincidences that history sometimes provides, the secular and unsecular elements in Irish nationality were manifesting themselves in the same place and at the same time. Here was the democratic state, late product of the European mind, being welcomed, and here was an art in which the national culture had shown itself most appealingly, being honored by people who were very conscious of its decline. The Bastile had fallen, the Rights of Man had been proclaimed, and in a few years a young man who attended both demonstrations, Theobald Wolfe Tone, would sail for France to organize a Franco-Irish army that might help in the creation of an Irish Republic based on the rights that had just been proclaimed.

Meanwhile Denis Hempson, "who realized the antique picture drawn by Cambrensis," had begun to play. "He played with long crooked nails and in his performance the tickling of the small wires under the deep tones of the bass was peculiarly thrilling. . . . He was the only one who played the very old, the aboriginal music of the country, and this he did in a style of such finished excellence as persuaded the editor that the praises of the old Irish harp in Cambrensis, Fuller and others, instead of being . . . ill-considered and indiscriminate, were in reality no more than a just tribute to that admirable instrument and its then professors." The year of these meetings was 1792. The music that had been made for the harp was falling into disuse then; harp-playing had come to its decline; out of the whole of Ireland only ten harpers could be got together for this festival, and the professors who were really accomplished amongst them were very old men.

In the Municipal Art Collection there is the bust of the man who initiated this gathering of harpers, Dr. Michael MacDonnell. But the man who made the gathering of service to the generations that followed was Edward Bunting. He wrote down the airs the harpers possessed; he collected other airs; he devoted his long life to the publication of the music that he went to such labor to discover and record. Out of the sixteen airs that Thomas Moore wrote words for in his first collection of Irish melodies, eleven are from the collection that Edward Bunting had made. The new Irish poetry was to have its mold in the music that Bunting obtained from the harpers who came to this festival in Belfast. The most distinctive of Samuel Ferguson's poems were written to go with some of these melodies—The Coolin, Paisteen Finn, Cean Duv Deelish, and Cashel of Munster. And so this gathering of the harpers in Belfast is at the beginning of Irish poetry in English. "There were eight men and one woman all either blind or lame," says a spritely letter of the day, "and all old but two men. Figure to yourself this group, indifferently dressed, sitting on a stage erected for them in one end of the Exchange Ball Room, and the ladies and gentlemen of the first fashion in Belfast and its vicinity looking on and listening attentively, and you will have some idea of how they looked. . . . The best performers got ten guineas and the worst two and the rest accordingly."

I look over the collection of Bunting's manuscripts in the Queen's University, the manuscripts that belonged to Bunting's grandchildren, and which have been presented to the University by Mrs. Milligan Fox. And I remember that there is a musician in Belfast who could make what is in these manuscripts living for me.

So I start off to visit Gilbert Hardebeck. I had written that Belfast is a city of workmen, but as I go in search of the street in which the musician lives I am made willing to believe that Belfast is a city of small shopkeepers. Not even in Dublin had I seen such strings of small shops—shops selling cabbages, selling newspapers, selling sugar-sticks, selling sausages, selling cabbages with carrots added to them, selling cabbages with potatoes, selling newspapers with marbles and tops, selling stationery with pins and needles—shops in which one paid for purchases with coppers—and never had I seen before such a monotony of them. At last I came to a little shop in which there were cages and birds for sale. There was a sign there that said "Linnets are cheap today" and somehow I felt that I had come near to where the musician lived.

And I found him. I had the privilege of being entertained by this scholarly musician in rooms over one of these shops. A harp hung on the wall of the room in which he received his pupils. But the instrument he used to illustrate what he said about Irish music was the German organ that was in the room. A man of great bulk, his eyes were covered by dark blue glasses. Like the harpers of the eighteenth century he has only a vestige of sight. How should I know anything of what these melodies meant if I had not witnessed the passion of this man, his indignation at the public indifference to this music, and the misconceptions about it that are held by those who are not indifferent to it? He spoke of the harpers of the eighteenth century as if he had gone with Arthur O'Neill from one great house to another, or had talked with Denis Hempson in his cottage, the harper lying in bed with his harp under the bedclothes. And although he did not take the harp in his hands he made me understand how incomparable was the art these men possessed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Geraldus Cambrensis in the thirteenth century wrote of the predecessors of these harpers as having "skill beyond comparison superior to that of any nation I have seen." Their distinctive art was in "modulation not slow and solemn, as in the instruments of Britain to which we are accustomed, but the sounds are rapid and precipitate, yet at the same time sweet and pleasing. It is wonderful how in such precipitate rapidity of the fingers, the musical proportions are preserved, and, by their art, faultless throughout. In the midst of their complicated modulations and most intricate arrangement of notes, by a rapidity so sweet, a regularity so irregular, a concord so discordant, the melody is rendered harmonious and perfect whether the chords of the diatessaron (the fourth) or diapente (the fifth) are struck together; yet they always begin in the soft mood and end in the same, that all may be perfected in sweetness of delicious sounds. They enter on, and again leave their modulations with so much subtlety, and the twinklings of the small strings sport with so much freedom under the deep notes of the bass, delight with so much delicacy and soothe so softly that the excellency of their art seems to lie in concealing it."

With the passing of the art of the harper Irish music became slow, losing that precipitancy that in earlier centuries was its most noted characteristic. Gilbert Hardebeck shows me the effects of the slow-down of the music—the loss of buoyancy. Irish music was made for the harp and cannot be rendered on any other instrument—only when you have heard it on the harp have you heard an Irish melody, he says, speaking not like one who is making an abstract statement, but like one who has passionate understanding of this unique music. Arranged for the piano or even for the violin Irish music loses what is essential in it. It loses this essential too when words in any other language except Irish are set to it. Only those expanding words can accompany it; the definite English words make the music chop and change. And to show me this he plays Una Bán on the little organ, singing the words in Irish. It is a song out of a world in which a man could be lonely and proud to the last desperate degree.

But how can a music that was made to be played upon harps and to go with "Celtic syllables like the rattling of war-chariots" be brought back into the world? I left that learned musician in his little rooms and went out into the street. A phonograph was reiterating something that had once been a tune, and a card in a window showed an announcement of a radio concert that evening. A song came to my mind:

> "Where is he now? His sword is in his sheath.
> See where it lies, beside his laurel wreath;
> Helmet and plume hang idle on the wall,
> Hushed is his harp, and desolate his hall."

These words I had once heard sung to one of the noble and spirited laments that the musician had played for me.

Distance

The nearest things have far
Space between them:
Music sings
Between a bow and strings;

Between the foot and ground
An airy round
Is danced: God closes
The breach of star and star.

CHARLOTTE WILDER.

COMMUNICATIONS

"ROMAN CATHOLIC"

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—For the past month I have been following with interest the discussion in your columns over the term "Roman Catholic." From the various observations of several of my coreligionists and separated brethren, I gather that at least two points have been substantiated. First, it seems that a number of my coreligionists are really offended at being called "Roman Catholic." Secondly, it appears unmistable that on several occasions the term "Roman Catholic" has been applied even by the Sovereign Pontiff to the members of his own flock.

After all, words do change their meaning in the course of time. In the centuries when there was but one Church in western Europe, it was undoubtedly accurate to refer to that communion as the Holy Catholic Church. With the disruption of Christendom in the sixteenth century, however, the term became inadequate and somewhat misleading. In the first place, it was necessary to distinguish carefully those Christians who remained loyal to Rome from those Christians who bowed to the authority of national churches. In the second place, many Anglicans, Armenians, Russians and Greeks claimed to belong to the Holy Catholic Church. But this term now signified some vague unity irrevocably cut off from the stream of historic Christian continuity, according to a bewildering variety of private interpretations. Hence I for one confess to being not a little embarrassed when certain of my Protestant friends assure me glibly that they are "Catholics."

To insinuate that the Roman Catholic Church changes her religious dogma is plainly heretical. But to pretend that Holy Mother Church does not adapt herself to the vicissitudes of temporal polity is to my mind the merest insincerity. Accordingly, in modern times it seems desirable to stress our universality and likewise our recognition of Rome as the true centre of unity. Ergo, are we not rightly termed "Roman Catholics"?

That "Roman Catholic" was formerly an epithet of opprobrium is wholly beside the issue. So were "Jesuit" and "Methodist." Yet who would say that these two words bear preeminently that connotation today?

DAVID A. ELMS.

Ottawa, Can.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Marshall is quite right in his surmise that "the word 'Roman' is not meaningless or opprobrious if it follows the word 'Catholic.'" The reason must be obvious. The word "Roman" is objectionable only when it qualifies or limits "Catholic." Had Mr. Marshall read my original letter, in The Commonweal of May 7, he would have observed that I stated that the descriptive designation of the Church adopted, after full discussion, by the Vatican Council, was "Sancta Catholica Apostolica Romana Ecclesia," as in the creed of Pope Pius IV, to which he and others of your correspondents have referred, and that "Sancta Romana Catholica Ecclesia," though at first proposed, was ultimately rejected with practical unanimity. And may I add that a dominating factor in bringing about the decision was the representations of the English bishops that the latter form, if adopted, would be taken as giving support to the efforts of English Protestants to force on the Church the name "Roman Catholic."

A brief résumé of the discussion will be found in the Life of Bishop Ullathorne and in Butler's History of the Vatican Council. Mr. Marshall says that "No fairminded contro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

versialist would use a term which his opponents considered meaningless or opprobrious, once they could be assured in that respect by due authority." The decision of the Vatican Council is surely sufficient "due authority" to satisfy Mr. Marshall.

Be that as it may, Mr. Marshall makes the mistake of assuming that the occurrence of the word "Roman" in the descriptive designation of the Church justifies his calling it the "Roman Catholic Church." But the name that the Church applies and has always applied to itself is "The Catholic Church," never "The Roman Catholic Church." Mr. Marshall will find no "due authority" for the latter name.

Mr. Reeve says that "many good Christians feel that they must use the term 'Roman Catholic' for conscience sake" because he believes that the Church of England "is still Catholic in all essentials." But the case of the Church of England is really no different in that respect from that of any other Christian Church. Is there a single Christian denomination that does not hold that it is, or forms part of, "the Holy Catholic Church" of the Creed? Similarly, is there a single Christian denominations that does not hold that its faith is orthodox? Yet who "for conscience sake" refuses that name to the Orthodox Eastern Church? And why should the Catholic Church be treated differently—in English-speaking countries; for if I am not mistaken, the use of "Roman Catholic" is exclusively confined to them. Does not ordinary politeness demand that people should be called what they call themselves, and is there a single religious body, other than the Catholic Church, to which this rule is not applied? As pointed out in my previous letter, giving to a Church the name it has itself adopted commits no one to an admission of the full theological significance of that name.

I have preferred to rest the case against the use of "Roman Catholic" on the ground of politeness, and I have purposely abstained from any discussion of what I conceive to be the absolute right of the Catholic Church to the exclusive and unqualified use of the term "Catholic" or universal and the contradiction in terms that is, as I think, involved in the claims of any local or territorial Church to so style itself.

Permit me to point out, in conclusion, that there is one sense, and one only, in which the term "Roman Catholic" is unobjectionable and that is when applied to a Catholic citizen of Rome. Mr. Dooley, when asked whether he was a Roman Catholic, replied "No, thank God, I am a Chicago Catholic"!

W. L. Scott.

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor:—Surely the term "Roman Catholic," though descriptively clear, is ambiguous by implication. Its use depends upon what anyone means by the word "Catholic." To ourselves it means exclusively a Christian who is in communion with Rome. If we call ourselves "Roman Catholics," as we do sometimes, we mean that we are "Roman and Catholic" or "Catholic because Roman" or again "Roman and therefore Catholic." But the Anglicans, and those who have lately followed their contention, use the word "Catholic" in a different sense. It describes for them a Christian who belongs to some Church that antedates the Reformation. When they call us "Roman Catholics" they mean that we belong to only one of several historic Churches. Mr. Cody makes this plain when he calls the Monophysite Armenians, Armenian Catholics. No Catholic could call a Monophysite a Catholic. No Catholic could call an Anglican a Catholic. It is a contradiction of the Faith that he holds. But with Anglicans the case is different.

During the late war, the British Catholic chaplains were officially designated as "Roman Catholic." To some of them the term was indifferent, or even useful as a distinguishing description. But they did not intend thereby to acknowledge that there were other Catholics who were not Roman. Their Anglican brothers, however, never ceased to rub the description in. They consistently corrected anyone who called us Catholics. It is little wonder that many of us objected to the term. To accept the implication meant that we were tacitly denying the Faith.

Rev. Edward Hawks.

Boston, Mass.

To the Editor:—I dislike to inflict your readers with another letter on the title of the Church; but may I have a bit of your valuable space to assure A.R.K. that nothing was further from my mind than to cause him or her a feeling of "odium" in using the term "Roman." It is hard to see where there is anything "odious" in the term or anything to be ashamed of. On the contrary, there is everything to be proud of; as no other part of the early Christian Church was more horribly and brutally persecuted than the ancient Church of Rome, during the first three centuries of the Christian era when the streets of Rome were bathed with the blood of martyrs and saints.

We are also indebted to the Church of Rome, for the preservation in the monasteries of the learning of ancient Greece and Rome, when the barbarians invaded Rome to destroy it. Weak, indeed, would be the literature of today had not the good monks preserved these ancient manuscripts.

So there is much to be proud of in the term "Roman." But God speed the day when all Christian people will be satisfied in being called Christian, and not be hemmed in by any qualifying or limiting adjectives, such as Greek, Roman, or Anglican, but simply Christian; for even the term "Catholic" does not signify anything spiritual. How much better is the term "Christian" —to live up to—and mean it.

John R. Cody.

THE EXCEPTION PROVES THE RULE

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:—"The exception proves the rule." That is a phrase which is the desperate refuge of a man confronted with a case where his general statement is found not to work. "The exception proves the rule" is not a very good translation of the Latin axiom, "Exceptio probat regulam." The true translation of this legal maxim is, "Exemption strengthens the law for all not exempted." The phrase, "in casibus non exceptis," is often added to the Latin. It is reasonable to suppose that when a law explicitly exempts certain classes, the lawmaker has had all classes in mind and so wishes the law to hold all the more cogently for those not exempt.

The application of this maxim to generalizations or inductions from particular cases in science or art is incorrect. Some have tried to justify such application by the meaning, "The exception tests the rule." Whether such a meaning can be given in this case to "probat" is doubtful, but that such a sense was not intended is clear from another expression of the same maxim, which reads, "Exceptio firmat regulam" (Exemption strengthens the regulation). There are, it is true, certain particular instances that do not conform to a generalization of science or art but can be explained so clearly that the rule is vindicated. In that case, however, it is the explanation of the anomaly which proves the rule. The discovery of our newest planet is a triumphant vindication of Newton's law, where irregularity was not an exception at all but an exemplification of his scientific generalization.

Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Grumpy

IT IS said that Cyril Maude has played in about fourteen hundred performances of Grumpy—which means that during the laborious course of five years, he managed to give about a million and a half people a glimpse of this famous character. During those five years his polished art was lost to the theatre at large. No new parts felt the enlivening grace of his humor. The pleasure given to a few people week by week in this small city or that, cost the stage as a whole a terrific price. Today we have this little gem of character acting transferred to the talking screen, making it possible for ten million people in every corner of the country to see and hear it within a few short weeks—and at no cost to the theatre.

Whatever inborn prejudices one may have against the talkies, some of its sharp edges should be polished off by this thought. The true theatre lover who is fortunate enough to live within the radius of one of the larger cities knows only too well what it means to lose the work of a fine actor or actress for years through the road success of a single popular vehicle. It is only once every three or four years that we have the chance of seeing George Arliss in a new play. It is nearly three years now since we have seen Helen Hayes. The excellent ability of Florence Reed was concealed in the dross of The Shanghai Gesture for an interminable time. Margaret Anglin wasted many years of her prime touring in two or three mediocre plays while the stage was hungering for her art in pieces worthy of it. Nor is the stage the only loser. The artist also loses—if not financially, then certainly in the chance to fulfill a life's promise, and to enjoy some of those rewards of home and congenial surroundings which hard work merits. If we assume that an actor reaches his or her greatest promise at twenty-five, then we have at the most thirty years in which to enjoy the artist's best work, even allowing for the transition from younger to older parts. If a Cyril Maude uses up one sixth of those precious years in road-touring with one play, he is curtailing by that much his chances to run the gamut of his art. From this dilemma, talkies are pointing a way out.

Even the most hardened enemy of the talkies admitted the excellence and charm of Disraeli on the screen. Grumpy merits as great an admission, in spite of the trivial nature of the comedy itself. We have now ample evidence that good plays, well acted, can readily be transferred to the screen without losing much of their original charm. Does not this promise a great release for the fine actor and a great gain for the legitimate stage? It is now possible to establish a regular routine by which no actor need be imprisoned by one vehicle for more than a year—a few months in New York and a few weeks in metropolitan centres. After that, a screen version of the play can be broadcast—to the delight of millions throughout the country, and to the vast relief of the leading actors.

The story of Grumpy is, of course, of no great consequence. The testy old criminal lawyer, whom everyone loves, and whom everyone likes to see "explode" every now and then, finds a chance to solve the mystery of a diamond robbery within his own household. The task requires no phenomenal detective abilities—but the chief pleasure comes from seeing the old war horse in action. The rest of the entertainment hangs chiefly on the inimitable character touches by which Cyril Maude enriches every slightest action of Grumpy. The screen catches every slight nuance of gesture and spoken word. Nothing is lost, even to the asthmatic breathing which holds one in constant suspense and fear for the old man's life. The mild romance is also well carried out, in a decent undertone, and capably handled by Philip Holmes and Frances Dade. Paul Lukas gives a good performance as the not unattractive villain, and Halliwell Hobbes does an excellent character bit as the omnipresent and helpful butler.

Incidentally, a new generation has sprung up since Cyril Maude last appeared in Grumpy—so that several million new Grumpy fans, as well as countless older ones, can now have the chance to revel in the fragile but delicious entertainment.

Good Intentions

IN THE dual rôle of director and author, William K. Howard has produced another crook play to add to the long list. The skeleton of its plot is not by any means novel—the society criminal and gang leader who works himself into the good graces of a charming girl, only to fall in love with her, and finally to die saving the life of the man she really loves. But one must admit a considerable mixture of directing skill and well turned minor situations with the banal plot—enough in fact to make the story good entertainment.

The episode, for example, of the bank president lured away from a fashionable wedding in broad daylight, taken to his own office at the point of a gun and forced to turn over a block of bonds while the business of the bank goes on is rather above the average level of ingenuity. Another novel point is having one of the chief gangsters the radio announcer and orchestra leader of a night club. The whole picture is merely a good illustration of ingenious handling and incident applied to a stock situation with general refreshing effect.

Edmund Lowe carries off the rôle of the self-reformed gang leader with reasonable ease. But Earle Foxe as the night club master of ceremonies and Regis Toomey as the grinning and likable juvenile show rather better qualities as screen actors. Mr. Lowe is, on the whole, somewhat heavy handed and heavy spoken to meet the greatly improved standards of the talkies. Marguerite Churchill is interesting and likable as the rather obtuse and gullible heroine.

The Measure of Progress

HAVING seen the first "all talking" picture to be shown in New York (an incredibly short time ago), it seems only fair to pay some tribute to a progress that must be measured by rapidity rather than by the attainment of full perfection. The mechanical improvement of the talkies in the last year has been astounding—particularly in the increased delicacy of shadings in sound recording. But the improvement in the technique of directors has been no less marked. They have accustomed themselves to both the limitations and possibilities of their new medium with a swiftness and sureness no one would have dared to predict. This is reflected in the greater ease of the actors, in their unforced speech, and in their increased use of minor subtleties formerly reserved only for the stage and for small theatres. It is also reflected in the greater mobility of screnes and the smoother run of sequences. All this the talkies have accomplished in a few months.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

A Hero Worshiped

Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship, 1880-1919, by Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

IT WOULD be as difficult to write a dull book on Theodore Roosevelt as on Napoleon Bonaparte or Abraham Lincoln. There are certain personalities that appeal irresistibly to the average man. It is thirty years since Roosevelt was elected vice-president, an office he did not want and for which he was conspicuously unfitted. But, like John Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson, Chester Arthur, it was not long after the inauguration that he became President. I have often wished, as the caddie said "just for the fun of it," that Roosevelt might have been vice-president a little longer. It is certain that something would have happened in the Senate compared to which the actions of Mr. Charles G. Dawes would have seemed conservative.

Theodore Roosevelt, besides being a man of genius, was a consummate politician; but he made two fatal errors. One was his public announcement on the night of his election to the Presidency in 1904 that he would not be a candidate in 1908; the other was his being a candidate in 1912. It seems probable that if he had not made that purely impulsive remark in 1904, he could have been nominated and elected in 1908; or, if he had refused to run in 1912, nothing could have prevented his nomination and election in 1916. As Mr. Taft wittily said, "I owe both my nominations to Theodore Roosevelt."

Owen Wister is a literary artist, a novelist and publicist of distinction. He has the rare good fortune of having published in 1902 a best seller which is also a best seller in 1930. It will be a long time before "The Virginian" is forgotten, and it deserves all its success.

Mr. Wister, however, is impulsive and violent. He is a man of strong principles which often seem only prejudices. I do not like him any the less because he has no prudence; for prudence is only a second-rate virtue. But there are statements in his book on Roosevelt which make the reader stare and gasp. It would have been better had he left out every reference to Charleston. I understand that some references have been removed by the publishers; they should have been more drastic. For example: "The director of the procession was a Mr. Hemphill, at that time editor of the Charleston News and Courier." He might just as well have said "In Louisville there was a Mr. Watterson, at that time editor of the Courier Journal." There is no excuse for a gratuitous insult to one of the most distinguished journalists in America.

The best thing about this book is its intimacy, which perhaps will be taken by many readers for naïveté: Mr. Wister has run the risk of being called both conceited and boyish. For my part, I am glad he has written in this manner, at whatever cost of ridicule from professional ironical reviewers. The book is exactly what it purports to be; the promise on the title page is fulfilled. It is the record of a personal friendship, told in the manner of fireside talk. It is as if we were overhearing intimate conversations, as we certainly are reading intimate letters. Although the author idolizes his friend, the faults of the hero plainly appear. Some of these faults made people love him even more, as they came from the impulses of a strong, genial, lovable man. Roosevelt was a genius, and everything about him is interesting. Not everyone will agree with Mr. Wister's praise of Roosevelt for repudiating remarks he had actually made, on the ground that the welfare of the country

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

A New
Light-Weight Hat
for Gentlemen

Rainbow Flanul Felts are trimly smart of brim and crown, yet carry an air of easy comfort that is becoming at this season. Their styling sets a new note for early Fall

Silver Flesh Slate Maple

$7.50

MEN'S HATS—FIRST FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have You Read It?

Everyone is talking about this

remarkable novel. Published without special acclaim, it has fought its way to popularity through *the sheer power of its story. A story showing in* vivid contrast of love the passing passion and love the spiritual, sublime and permanent. **$2.00**

By OWEN FRANCIS DUDLEY

THE MASTERFUL MONK

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 55 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

20% Semi-Annual Cash Discount Sale

on our entire stock of old, rare and new books.

This is one of the finest book stocks in the city—and at this reduction offers many unusual opportunities to book lovers.

Americana, Autographs, Anthropology, Philosophy, Psychology, Art Books, Literature, Fine Sets, First Editions.

Dauber & Pine Bookshops, Inc.

66 Fifth Avenue at 12th Street New York, N. Y.

Open Until 10 P. M. Catalogues Free.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

(Tom Playfair's School)

Conducted by the Jesuits

A Boarding School with Eighty Years of Splendid Traditions

College Department Four-year course leading to A.B., B.S. and Ph.B. Pre-engineering, Pre-legal, Pre-medical, Pre-dental.

High School Department, Classical, Scientific and English Courses.

Address Communications to Dept. I

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

St. Marys, Kansas

BETHANY HOUSE

(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)

DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS

Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service

Chapel—Daily Mass

Rates: $4.00 per day and Upward, Including Meals

Sr. Directress, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll, P.O., N. Y.

Tel. No. Ossining 1432

IRISH HAMS and BACON

Wiltshire Hams and Bacon

German Frankfurters

Westphalian Hams

M. H. GREENEBAUM, INC.

220 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK

demanded it. Imagine John Stuart Mill taking that attitude! But then, Mill had no talent for the opportune.

The portraits of other leading men of the time are exceedingly well done, particularly those of Elihu Root, Jules Jusserand, Leonard Wood, Henry Adams and, by far the best, that of Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes. I am glad he has included the dissenting opinion of Judge Holmes on the case of United States vs. Schwimmer (p. 143), because this very year we have a somewhat similar case, that of Professor Macintosh. Very few of Mr. Wister's readers will agree with his derogatory remarks on the conduct of Elihu Root in 1912. Mr. Root's integrity is as clear as his intellect. And admirers of Woodrow Wilson will be enraged at the publication of Mr. Roosevelt's letters about him. Two such personalities could not possibly be on friendly terms; and yet they were alike in one respect. Both sincerely believed that those who differed from them on any important subject were mentally inferior and morally untrustworthy. The Prologue and Epilogue to Mrs. Roosevelt are impeccably beautiful. She is a truly great character.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

Essen's Maker

Krupp: A Great Business Man Seen through His Letters; edited by Wilhelm Berdrow, translated by E. W. Dickes. New York: The Dial Press. $5.00.

A PUBLICATION of letters is intended rather to show the man than the work, but here the man seems to disappear entirely behind his task, and only with reticence reveals his personality. Outsiders see only the gorgeous development of an indebted, nearly ruined little factory, conducted by a young man of fourteen, to a world-known industry. But from the intimate view given by those letters, we see this industry constantly running the risk of a breakdown during half a century. Perhaps only a character like Krupp's was able to carry this danger as a part of his duty: strengthened by the Prussian idea of "Pflicht," simple as a man who understands just his business, no more, but understands it well. Every line of this collection—commercial letters, letters to his wife and to his son, addresses to his king elaborated in the devoted style of those days, memorandums to the Board of Proxies—shows this simplicity that was his force and his weakness.

It is only natural that later the simple straightforwardness that enabled Krupp to beat his competitors by better steel and better guns, turned into a kind of rather pardonable naïveté. Today we are astonished by the way in which the aged man tried to combat the growing danger of Socialism; also the address delivered before the elections, advising his personnel not to vote against the government and announcing the candidacy of his son, "in order to give his support to the government's military estimates," would sound selfish and hypocritical issued by a cannon-builder—if we did not know that he believed very profoundly in the militaristic axioms common to most Europeans at this time.

Today the large plants are devoted entirely to peaceful purposes, but the name of Krupp as an employer will be always connected with the history of social reforms. The letters show him specially interested in attaching the workmen and their families to the plant forever, and in establishing there a sound but perhaps sometimes too austere tradition. Like all social reforms brought about by industrial leaders, Krupp's had a basis of sympathetic common sense, but these were made possible only by an increasing production, due to his energy and to the century's development.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conditions have changed since this exceptional man made his way through a world that very often met him with hostility. Krupp struggled with all his force for the idea of sole-ownership against that of the "Jewish joint-stock companies." But now particularly in Germany forms of enterprise far more complicated than the companies of 1870 are ruling production. Industrial leadership has become rather a diplomatic and political task than a simple question of technical knowledge and commercial talent. Everybody knows it—but in reading those letters, this difference comes to light in an astonishing way.

ROBERT VON KELLER.

The Spell of Deirdre

The Flying Cromlech, by Hugh de Blacam. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

THE first novel to reach American readers from the pen of Hugh de Blacam, editor of the Dublin Standard, is fresh and convincing proof that the proper subject of conversation for an Irishman is Ireland. One need not read long to discover the author's deep and passionate knowledge of Gaelic literature and lore, nor to feel that he is gifted in conveying to others his enthusiasm for an ancient land. Beside these, his hero and his lady pale in importance, and the beauty of Erin is the true heroine of the book.

He creates a Donegal lad confronted with the task of combing the four counties for his lost love—there is no other plot—and with him we travel the mountainy road of adventure. We meet with strange characters and happenings; we fight in village brawls; and take a part in the love and death of the Shanachie, the most interesting personage in the book, a wanderer and teller-of-tales, who sings and weaves stories of forgotten days.

These adventures are so romantic and so loosely-woven that the book can scarcely be called a novel. Mr. De Blacam does not, as has been suggested, inherit the mantle of the late Donn Byrne. A true novelist is very rare among the Irish; their talents are for other forms of literary art. But here is fancy and adventure slightly colored with mysticism, lovely writing, and a prevailing passion for the highways and byways of Ireland. These will win a passport for Mr. De Blacam—if not to a novelist's Parnassus—at least to Tir nan Og. The book was the choice of the Catholic Book Club for July—evidence that its literary qualities have found favor in high places.

JULIA K. KERNAN.

A Catholic Pioneer

Life of William J. Onahan, by Mary Onahan Gallery. Chicago: Loyola University Press. $1.50.

WALT WHITMAN'S phrase concerning Leaves of Grass, "who touches this book touches a man," may well be applied to Mrs. Gallery's vivid little biography of her distinguished father: one of the pioneers and makers of Chicago. For more than seventy years, William J. Onahan was closely associated with the upbuilding of the midwestern metropolis, as a member of that group of potent men such as the first Carter Harrison, the elder Armones, Marshall Field, Melville E. Stone, Victor Lawson, who are recalled in the pages of this memoir by many interesting anecdotes. As a banker, Mr. Onahan played a leading part in the business progress of his city, but it was through his work for education and for religion that he will long be remembered and held in honor.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

The College of St. Rose
ALBANY, NEW YORK
A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women
Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph
DAY PUPILS AND BOARDERS

MARYVILLE COLLEGE
For Women
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
Corporate College of St. Louis University as such a Member of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools; a Standard College of the Catholic Educational Association; Approved by the American Association of Universities and Colleges.
Courses leading to B.A. and B.S. degrees. Certificates or degrees in Dramatic Art and Music.
Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart

CATHOLIC COLLEGE for women two miles from Morristown, N. J.; one hour from New York City. A.B., B.S., B.M. degrees. Teacher-training courses. Well-equipped laboratories, botanical experiment houses, and classrooms; large library and gymnasium; music hall with forty-five pianos; attractive dormitories. Outdoor sports, including tennis, hockey, soccer, basketball, and baseball. 400-acre campus. Wide lawns, spacious athletic fields. College farm. Catalog. Address the Dean, Box K, Convent Station, N. J.
College of St. Elizabeth

FOR SURE RELIEF
Have you a hidden bunion,
Do you cherish a pet corn?
Are you a weather prophet
When certain shoes are worn?
No need to suffer foot-ills
Or wear a clumsy shoe—
For latest style and perfect fit
Only PEDIFORME will do.

Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles, "PEDIFORME" Shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style Book "K" that tells how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.
THE PEDIFORME SHOE COMPANY
36 W. 36 St. New York 2474 Morris Ave. Bronx 29 Washington Pl. East Orange, N. J. 322 Livingston St. Brooklyn
275 North Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MALVERN
Prep School
RESIDENT and Day School. Augustinian Fathers. 163-acre campus. Gymnasium. Lake. Athletic field. Supervised sports. New buildings and equipment. Preparation for leading colleges and technical schools. Lower school for 8th grade boys. Fall term opens September 24, 1930. Catalog. Rev. Philip L. Colgan, M.A., O.S.A., Head Master, Malvern, Pa.

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.
CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Vanderbilt 8761

Mount Regis Christi
FOR GIRLS. *Junior and Senior High School.* 100 miles from New York in beautiful Shawangunk Mountains, at 1200 ft. above the sea. Accredited. Special Prep for "College Boards." Music, Art and Secretarial. Swimming, Tobogganing, Hockey, Golf, Riding on School's own horses over Schools's estate of 500 acres of Forest, Hill and Stream. Via Ontario & Western R.R. or auto Route 17 and 6-N (3 hour's ride from New York City). For information write SISTER DIRECTRESS. Box C Wawarsing, N Y or Telephone Ellenville 254

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Syosset, (Long Island), N. Y.
Boarding School for Girls
Affiliated with the State University
ELEMENTARY, HIGH SCHOOL AND COMMERCIAL DEPTS.

MOUNT WASHINGTON COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
MOUNT WASHINGTON, MARYLAND
—We will Prepare Your Son for High School—
In proximity to Mount Saint Agnes is the Mount Washington Country School, the ideal boarding and day school
Reservations Limited Seventy Select Boys
From six to thirteen years of age

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE
For Women
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
A Standard Catholic College, Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet.
Bulletin sent on request

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES. MAGAZINES. BOOKS AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Briefer Mention

The Cathedrals of Great Britain, by P. H. Ditchfield. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

A FOURTH edition of Dr. Ditchfield's manual, incorporating not a few additions and corrections, should be welcome. It is by all odds the best short work on the subject, being readable and combining impressive knowledge with sound judgment. All that the average educated traveler needs by way of historical comment and architectural information is available here. One may add that all the cathedrals dealt with are administered by the Church of England.

A Walk to Horace's Farm, by E. K. Rand. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

PROFESSOR RAND'S little book is the pleasant record of an agreeable journey to the site of Horace's Sabine farm. Even while looking at the scenery or stopping for a glass of wine, the author sets forth the available archaeological information and quotes appropriately from the poet. Here is well-bred discourse for the teacher of classics, the lover of Horace and the plain man who has dreamed for years of having a farm surrounded by cool hills.

CONTRIBUTORS

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON is a veteran political correspondent for New York journals. His latest book is Presidents I've Known and Two Near Presidents.

L. A. G. STRONG, professor at Oxford, is the author of Dublin Days.

RICHARD LINN EDSALL is now associated with the New York critical press.

REV. FREDERIC SIEDENBURG, S.J., is a professor of sociology in Loyola University, Chicago, and the author of several books.

PADRAIC COLUM, an Irish poet, is the author of many books among which are Wild Earth; The Road Round Ireland; and Balloon.

CHARLOTTE WILDER is an assistant professor of English at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS is the Lampson Professor of English in Yale University, and the author of The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement; Human Nature and Gospels; Adventures and Confessions; and Happiness.

ROBERT VON KELLER is a representative of the University of Salzburg now residing in this country.

JULIA K. KERNAN is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
For Women
4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
Send for Announcement

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York
Justine Ward Method, Courses I, II, III, IV, V
Gregorian Chant (Music IV)
Gregorian Accompaniment
Liturgical Singing and Choir Conducting
Theory, Ear Training, Sight Reading, Melody Writing
Harmony I, II—Counterpoint I, II
Polyphony—Boy Choir—Musical Appreciation
Vocal Production — Organ — Violin — Piano
Victor Records of Gregorian Chants
Pius X Choir conducted by Justine Ward
Lessons in all the above subjects privately or in class
For further information, address the Secretary—Audubon 3663

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED